



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

A NEW VERSE BY JAMES RYLANDS, OF ROBINSON & LANE'S CIRCUS.

One flag, so unjustly at Sumter assailed,
By a bold, ruthless band of our Southern relations,
But who now, in their motives have signally failed,
And are held up to scorn by all civilized nations;
And when war shall cease, may we always have peace,
And united again, may our friendship increase;
For the Star-Spangled Banner shall over us all wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE WHITE LILY.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE—FROM LIFE TO DEATH AGAIN.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

Twenty years ago! a broad cycle of infinity wasted.
Twenty winters of fierce storms and wallings, and still
within a field of golden grain, a withered pansy drags its
blasted life, while the good and beautiful have been
drunk up by the sunshine into heaven. A score of
dreary years dragged forward to eternity, but I am left
alone.

Among my choicest treasures is a curious vessel, tar-
nished with age, and in it lies a pale white lily. 'Tis
now the key-word to a life-time of misery; it was given
to me—I will tell you how.

Just twenty years ago this night, I started with some
boon companions to celebrate my enrollment upon the
list of those vexed care it was to combat with the subtle
disease that wore humanity, and shackle death where the
heart beats low, and the breathings grow hushest and
faint. For an age of never ceasing monotony had I
conceded over the musty works of physiology and anatomy,
with that wild, nervous curiosity to seek out the myste-
ries of the human frame, which characterizes the soul of
passion, and now that I was upon the threshold of the
hour when, like a minor god, I held the life of a man
within my grasp, I went to make the night merry—to
stupefy those very powers by which I was to laugh in the
skeletal face of death. Our hands were on our hearts,
our faces were shadowed in the rich depths of the wine,
and over the brimming bowls we swore the fickle oaths
of youth.

The bacchanalian songs rolled back in hollow echoes
from our lips, and we drank our brains to madness,
pledging the destroying hand that we defied. We heard
the beating of the storm without, and the harsh rattling
of the rain upon the roof. We saw the vivid flashes
glaring on the wall, we heard the thunder as it gashed
the very heavens to broad crevices of momentary flame;
still we tossed the bumpers, and danced like devils in the
foggy spells of drunkenness.

Thus we were, when suddenly there came a harsh rap-
ping at the door. I tore it open, and inward strode a
stranger, dripping with the rain, with his thick cloak
partly concealing his features.

"Is the new doctor here?" he asked, in tones strangely
tremulous.

"I am here," I replied.

He gazed with fierce earnestness upon me, until I fairly
shrank into a seat.

"Is your hand steady?" he continued.

"Look!" I replied, thrusting it into his face. "Look,
and tell me."

"Far steadier than your brain," he responded, gloom-
ily, and would have turned away, but I seized him by
the shoulder, and prevented him.

"Drink!" we cried, gathering about him. "Drink to the
arch-demon of disease! Drink to our Esculapius! drink
to frantic lore, for we are friends, and you shall
pledge us all."

"Fools!" thundered he, hurling us back, "would you
seek to drag me down with you? I go!"

His words sobered me.

"Forgive me!" I whispered, leading him aside. "And
now, what do you wish of me?"

"Will you assume the responsibility of a human life?"
he asked, suddenly.

"Then my vocation," I replied.

"This come with me, and if you save her, your for-
tune is assured, but should you fail—oh, God! I dare not
think of it," and reeling against the wall, he covered
his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out his anguish with
the light.

Hastily putting on my coat, I pulled my hat over my
eyes, and taking his arm, we started out. The door
creaked wildly, and as the last smothered sound of the
orgie died upon our ears, we were in the storm.

Fiercely beat the rain upon us, and the dark shadows
fled from beneath the giant lamps, and wandered about
our footsteps like pursuing phantoms—still we pressed
onward.

"Haste!" muttered my companion, between his set
teeth.

The words seemed mocking me, and I stopped short.

"Where would you lead me?" I asked.

"On! on!"

"But I will go no further."

"You must!" 'Tis now too late to return. Tell me, boy,"
he added in continuation, as he nervously clutched me by
the shoulder, "have you ever held the quivering chords of
a human life, when a single error—a lost moment—would
loose a soul in eternity? Have you ever—"

"Why ask me?"

"Because, should your skill fail you now, God only
knows to what lengths this madness might spur me on."

"What, would you attempt violence, should I not suc-
ceed?"

"Fool!" he interrupted wildly. "I would crush the
world of medicine and all its votaries if it held not in its
little strength, enough of skill to save one poor life. Tell
me, is your hand and brain steady?"

"Prove me!"

"Enough! Save her to me, and gold enough shall be
yours to stop the sightless sockets of the skulls of every
one of those who shall fall beneath your hand hereafter.
You doctors should be high priests to the Juggernaut;
you'd find your victims without trusting to fanaticism to
poison the brain."

"You are raving!" I returned with haughtiness, for his
words wounded me.

"Raving?" he retorted bitterly, "and where is the soul
that would not be crazed with madness to see the last
basis of his faith in heaven dashed from him as though
even that poor blessing were too much for him? You are
not a father, boy."

"No!" was the mechanical response.

"Then 'twere useless to speak with you. But here we
are, at last."

He paused before a tall palatial mansion, and opened
the door. I followed him up the broad staircase, and into
a small, but magnificently furnished apartment.

"Softly, softly!" he whispered. "Ah! she sleeps. Look!"

He drew me towards the couch, and raising the lamp,
pointed steadfastly with his finger at the form reclining
there.

Never shall I forget the sight! I beheld the features of
a young girl, with her head resting upon an arm of
chisled symmetry; long silken lashes drooping downward
upon her cheek, and on her pale, pale face, the uncertain
shadows of the purple curtains were lying richly as the
colors drifted against the fleecy clouds. There was a
strange nervousness in her low, painful breathing, and I
could detect through the heaped coverlets the uneven
throbbing of her full bosom.

"Tell me," pleaded my strange guide in a voice husky
with emotion, "is there any hope?"

"Is she unwell?" I asked, half stupefied.

"Unwell! Villain, you are tampering with me. Is that
fearful hectic an omen of health?"

Then through my trance brain a light of horrid fore-
bodings broke.

"Consumption," I muttered, almost inaudibly.

"Oh, God! I feared as much," groaned the agonized fa-
ther, and staggering backward, sank into a chair and
drooped his face upon his knees. Almost shuddering, I
raised her thin hand and counted the quick pulsations as
the fevered blood went surging through the purple veins
that seemed swelling out beneath my touch, and when I
ventured another glance, her dreaming eyes were fixed
full upon my face.

"Is it the doctor?" she asked, in a smothered voice.

"Yes," I replied, "but if I render you uneasy, I will
wait until you are more calm."

"I am calm now," she responded, speaking with a vis-
ible effort, that sent the rich color to her brow. Then I
knew that it was I who needed calmness, for a strange
emotion seemed racking my soul.

"You are very sick," I added, in continuation; "but
I hope—"

She held up her hand reprovingly.

"I know that I must die ere long," she whispered,
glancing sadly at her parent. "Will you strive to com-
fort my poor father?"

Her large, dreamy eyes were raised imploringly to me.
I was a stern and thoughtless man, but I wept!

"You shall be saved!" I cried passionately.

The old man sprang up suddenly, and wrung my hand
convulsively.

"Heaven bless you, boy!" he muttered.

I returned the pressure hopefully, for as we two stood
beside the bedside of that pale girl, I felt that my first
grapple with the king of terrors would be but as the
withered oak battling with its brittle fingers against the
thunderbolts of the wayward storm.

For weeks, aye, months, I coined my very brain and
being to subtlety, in warding death's shafts from the bo-
som of Florence Hinton. I was saddened, and while
others sneered at efforts which the very laws of medicine
stamped as futile, I persevered in my wild attempts; the
last despairing struggle of a single arm by desperate
deeds to save a ship with every timber strained and
broken. I had learned to love that meek and uncom-
plaining being—to almost worship her—and had I known
that my own heart's blood could have purchased her one
brief hour of surcease from suffering, I would not have
scrupled to have poured it out.

And she returned that love with all the earnestness of
her passionate soul. For oh! when the warm pulses of
the heart first beat towards an object deified, there is no
cold, conventional respect from which that wealth of
love must grow, but it comes like an overwhelming tor-
rent, swallowing up the baser love of self, and leaving
in its stead a mad idolatry.

Heaven seemed at length to smile upon my efforts, and
as the glorious summer came on apace, dropping its rain-
bow garments upon the earth, there came a faint flush of
health to the cheek of Florence Hinton. The feverish
brilliance forsook her eye, and though the buoyancy of
youth essayed to call back her wonted cheerfulness, she
was sad, almost to melancholy.

One afternoon we wandered out beneath the garden
trees; she, with a tottering step, leaning on my arm for
support. It was then, as I looked into the depths of
those lustrous eyes, while the sunlight and shadow fell
alternately upon her face, I felt that life to me should
not be all unblest.

"Florence," I said, stealing my arm about her neck,
and drawing her head upon my shoulder—"you will soon
be perfectly recovered, and then, think you not we shall
be happy?"

"Very happy, but I never shall be well again. I feel
that this beautiful earth is not for me."

"Quiet such apprehensions, dearest," I replied. "You
are growing better every day. Think hopefully of the
future for my sake, Florence, if you love me."

"Do you doubt it?" she asked, sadly, and I saw the
tears start to her eyes.

"No, Heaven knows I do not!" and I drew her closer
to my bosom. "But this melancholy will kill you—will
kill me. Oh! Florence, you know not the tortures
that such words sow within my breast. Cheer up!
cheer up!"

"I will try," she replied, with a faint smile, as I led
her into the house.

That night I spoke to Mr. Hinton.

"My boy," he said kindly, "to you I owe much, to
Heaven I owe more. Florence consecrates her heart's best
love to you. I consecrate her to God. It is my vow."

"But I do not understand you, sir," I replied, utterly
at a loss to perceive the drift of his obscure remarks.

"Nothing is plainer," he returned, looking steadfastly
at me. "I have perfected my arrangements, and within
a month she takes the black veil."

"The black veil!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"The black veil," he repeated, measuredly.

"What! would you crush her future hopes, drive her

to the very jaws of death from which she is scarce re-
sued? You cannot mean this!"

"I do mean it, sir."

"But this sacrifice—this sacrifice of your own flesh
and blood to a blind fanaticism! It shall not be consum-
mated! No, Mr. Hinton, I shall appeal to the strong
arm of the law to interpose between her and this wild
freak of a disordered brain."

"Indeed!" he answered coldly, "and what if this very
night the Bethlehem nuns receive a new sister to their
bosoms? who will prevent it?"

"I will! You shall not, in your blind fanaticism,
blast my hopes, though a thousand convent doors were
thrown open to swallow her up in a living sepulchre.
Mark me, Mr. Hinton! Florence has pledged herself to
me, and he who would tear her from me must prove him-
self the better man!"

"What!" he responded, angrily, "would you force her
to hate you? She has herself consented, and even this
moment the holy fathers are with her. If you work your
own destruction now, I hold myself guiltless."

"I must speak with her," I cried. "If she is self-sac-
rificed, I will learn it from her own lips."

"Follow me," was his response. I did so—in his very
footsteps. A moment brought us to the room where I
had first seen her, and that old memory sent a fever to
my brain.

She was sitting by the window, with her face buried
in her hands, her bosom heaving, and I could hear the
low sobs that came tortuously with her breath. Five
men with their faces half hidden in the black hoods of
their gowns, were seated about her, speaking in broken
whispers. With a bound, I broke through the circle, and
raised her in my arms.

"Florence, Florence," I muttered wildly, "you cannot,
must not leave me thus. Say, dearest, but the word, and
these men shall rue the hour when they thought to sun-
der us."

"We must part," she murmured. "We must part for-
ever!"

"And it is your free will?" I asked. But she only added:
"We must part forever!"

"Are you satisfied now, poor boy?" said Mr. Hinton,
advancing.

I heeded him not. Bending low to Florence, I whis-
pered:—

"Heaven forgive you, Florence, thy fatal error! I never
can!"

"Come, my son," said one of the monks, laying his
hand upon my shoulder. "The night is at hand, and the
sisters of Bethlehem await the novice."

In my frenzy, I smote him to the floor.

"Proceed!" I cried, "proceed with the hellish ritual of
yielding two human hearts to despair! James Hinton,
may heaven lay the charge at your door!"

Slowly the monks arose, and amid them walked with
uneven step, the only being I ever loved on earth. One
loud hiss I imprinted on her brow, and muttered:—

"I can bear it now."

Once in her carriage, she fixed her sad eyes on mine;
and oh! the world of heart-felt anguish in their clear
depths! it struck fury to my soul.

I leaped to the box, and with a bitter oath grappled
the stout coachman and hurled him to the ground. A
stiff shriek issued from the coach, and the next moment
I was overpowered and borne to the house, but through
the closed window I saw, through the mists of a tottering
reason, the flying steeds, as they bore her off into the
blackness of the night, lost to me forever and forever.

Her whose soul is of adamant, who outgrows all of the
warmer feelings of his nature—all of the delicate sensi-
bilities with which the Almighty has endowed him—in
the barren soil of cynicism—whose heart is callous with
that misanthropy that coldly sneers at fate, is doubly
blest, for he knows not the Promethean torture of bro-
ken hopes. There is a mental apathy which scoffs at the
throes of sorrow—that gives the mocking laugh of bitter
agony for each wasted pleasure—that stalks like a grim
skeleton among its dying hopes, and chokes with sacri-
legious mirth its own signs of desolation. But no such
apathy is mine.

Each moment as I write, I feel how impotently weak—
how doubly inadequate are poor ink-drops in depicting
the all-absorbing misery of the human heart, when its
mental fingers grasp at happiness, and find but the dim
idealities of a mirage in its stead.

Months had passed away, since the night when, with a
curse upon my lips, I fled from the mansion of James
Hinton, and sought to benumb my soul in the essences of
unholy mirth, and the maddening vapors of the wine cup.
But I had not succeeded—I was still human, and the
past would rise before me.

I was seated in my office, plunged in bitter meditation,
when James Hinton strode like a withered memory to
my side, and handed me a little packet. It contained a
simple white lily and a note. The latter lies before me
brown and faded, but I will transcribe it:—

"I am dying! A strange damp is on my brow, and
with the melancholy autumn days, I shall pass away.
Come to me once more. I would see you yet again. Earth
is no home for our loves. Look upward, for there is a
heaven for us both. Slowly, sadly fall the yellow leaves
in the sunset, the purple and gold lay upon the western
clouds, and with the dying day I feel I shall be no more.
Come to me."

Gently fell the twilight shades upon the earth, and the
western hills grew crimson with the last flush of day, as
the heavy gates of the Bethlehem convent swung back on
their creaking hinges, that two crushed souls might enter.

We found her, pale and beautiful, stretched upon her
cot, beneath the tall trees, whither she had been carried.
I took both her hands in my own.

"Florence," I murmured, "do you love me still?"

She pressed my hand, silently.

"Florence, speak to me once more," I cried.

Her thin lips pressed to my hot cheek, slowly parted—
then, came a broken whisper.

"Love me when I am gone!" and the beating of our
own sad hearts was all the sounds we heard.

The yellow leaves fell through the golden sunset, and
slowly the light faded from the heavens, but two forms
were bending over the still cold features of Florence
Hinton, and there fell a shadow across the jasper walks of
paradise, as another angel entered the presence of her God!

Dreadfully pass the autumnal days of life, but I do not
now mourn as one without hope; for, though I look sor-
rowfully back upon the dim glories of a lost summer of
existence, and weep over the grave of BROKEN HOPE—yet
I have found, that—

"Faith can lift our frail weak love,
From earthly lusts—from vain desires;
Its ashes fanned by airs above,
Shall live again in deathless fires!"

BACKING DOWN.

A Kentuckian, one day boasting about the fleetness of
his horse, and declaring that he could outrun anything
which went on four legs, a bystander disputed it, and said
he had a mule which could beat him.

"A mule!" said the boaster—"I'll bet you a hundred
dollars of that."

"Done!" said the other.

"Done!" said the boaster.

"Now cover that," said the owner of the mule, laying
down a hundred dollars.

The boaster began to be frightened at this. He thought
there must be something more about the mule than he
was aware of, otherwise his owner would not plank a hun-
dred dollars to run him against a horse. He began to
hitch about uneasily. He put his hand in his pocket;
he pulled it out again; and at last said, "I don't know
about that tarnal mule; he may be the devil and all to
run for what I know."

"Do you back out, then?"

"Yes, I back out and treat." So saying, he called in
the liquor; but declared that his horse could beat any-
thing which went upon four legs except the mule.

"Why," said the other. "I've got a jackass, that will
beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that," said the boaster.

"Done!" responded the other, and "done!" said the
boaster.

"Cover that," said the man, again putting down the
hundred dollars.

"Cover that!" exclaimed the boaster—"so I will plaguy
quick," taking out his pocket-book.

"Well, cover it if you dare—and I'll put another hun-
dred atop of it. Why do you hesitate? Down with your
dust, I say."

"I don't know, I never saw that jackass of your's run,"
said the boaster, beginning to falter, "he may be a great
fellow on the race for all I know."

"Do you funk out, then?"

"Yes, I funk out this time, but by jingo, there's nothing
else you can bring except the jackass and mule but what
my horse can beat."

"Are you certain of that, my good fellow?"

"I think so."

"Why, if you're not quite certain, I'll bet you some-
thing that I've got a nigger that will out-run him."

"A nigger!"

"Yes, my nigger Tom will beat him."

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars of that. There ain't
no nigger that ever breathed that can beat my horse."

"Very well—cover that." As he said this, the man
once more put down the hundred dollars.

"But," said he, "if you back out this time, you shall
forfeit ten dollars, and if I back out I'll do the same."

"Agreed," said the boaster, "I'm sure my horse can
beat your nigger, if he can't you're mule and jackass."

"Plank it!"

"So I will—don't you fear that." Saying this, he once
more took out his pocket-book and began to fumble for
the money.

"Come, man, down with your dust," said the other,
taking out more money, "for I'm ready to back my bet
with another hundred dollars!—or two hundred if you
like. Come! why do you hesitate? Here's three hun-
dred dollars I'm ready to stake."

"Three hundred dollars!" exclaimed the boaster, star-
ling wildly about him—"three hundred dollars on a nig-
ger! I don't know, I swan."

"What, man! you're not going to get frightened
again."

"Frightened! Oh, no—oh, no—it's no easy matter to
frighten me—but really—"

"You mean to back out."

"I declare neighbor, I don't know what to think about
it. It's kind o' risky business."

"You forfeit the ten dollars then?"

"Why, yes, I s'pose I must," said the boaster, handing
over the money with an air of great mortification—"better
lose this than more—for there's no knowing how fast
those niggers will run. But anything else you can bring,
except the mule, the jackass and the nigger, I'm ready to
run against."

PECUINARY COMPENSATION FOR PERSONAL IN-
JURIES.

The present laws, which enable a person to obtain pecu-
niary compensation for personal injuries, appear to be
founded on very ancient precedent. Mr. Sharon Turner,
in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, gives a statement of
the sums at which our ancestors valued the various parts
of their earthly tenements. He says "Homer is celebra-
ted for discriminating the wounds of his heroes with an-
atomical precision. The Saxon legislators were not less
anxious to distinguish between the different wounds to
which the body is liable, and which from their laws, we
infer that they frequently suffered. In their most ancient
laws, these were the punishments:

"The loss of an eye, or of a leg appears to have been
considered as the most aggravated injury that could arise
from an assault, and was therefore punished with the
highest fine, or fifty shillings.

"To be made lame was the next most considerable of-
fence, and the compensation for it was thirty shillings.

"For a wound which caused deafness, twenty-five
shillings.

"To lame the shoulder, divide the chine bone, cut off
the thumb, pierce the diaphragm, or to tear off the hair
and fracture the skull, was each punished by a fine of
twenty shillings.

"For cutting off the little finger, eleven shillings.

"For cutting off the great toe, or for tearing off the
hair entirely, ten shillings.

"For piercing the nose, nine shillings.

"For cutting off the fore finger, eight shillings.

"For cutting off the gold finger, for every wound in
the thigh, for wounding the ear, for piercing both cheeks,
for cutting either nostril, for each of the front teeth,
for breaking the jaw bone, for breaking an arm, six
shillings.

"For seizing the hair so as to hurt the bone, for the
loss of either of the eye teeth, or the middle finger, four
shillings.

"For pulling the hair so that the bone became visible,
for piercing the ear or one cheek, for cutting off the
thumb nail, for the first double tooth, for wounding the
nose with the fist, for wounding the elbow, for breaking
a rib, or for wounding the vertebrae three shillings.

"For every nail (probably of the fingers) and for
every tooth beyond the first double tooth, one shilling.

"For seizing the hair, fifty scettas.

"For the nail of the great toe, thirty scettas.

"For every other nail, ten scettas.

He who goes to bed in anger has the devil for his bed-
fellow.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

MAKING CRICKETERS.—A capital plan has been recently adopted by several members of the New York Cricket Club for making cricketers. Matches are gotten up between lads from seven years of age and upwards, and under the guidance of two experienced players, the affairs are conducted decently and in order, bad behavior in any way being immediately checked. Refreshments are liberally provided for them, after which the older persons present, including many of the lads' parents, sit down to a collation and have a good time all round. The first of these matches was gotten up under the auspices of Mr. Geo. Higham; the second occurred on the 6th inst., President Balliere being the presiding genius. The cricketers quickly shown by the lads are said to be surprising, and although they are not physically equal to adult cricketers, their skill is quite up to the average. Our opinion is, that this mode of manufacturing cricketers is a good one, and will be the means of sowing good seed in good ground, that will go far to supply the vacancies caused by the retirement of our best men in the future, and not leave us altogether to that doubtful source of supply for anything superior—importation. By all means give the young ones a chance to prove themselves "chips of the old block," as the seniors of the noble houses of Sharp, Higham, Howell, Wright & Co. are sure to do, if opportunities be given. The "day out" on Saturday last was pronounced "gay" by old and young, male and female, of whom, many of the last named were present.

ITEMS FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1861.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.—The National Capital is, just now, the very nucleus of light, fun, frolics, and politics; but do not apprehend that I intend to bore you with remarks of the latter subject. I have but little relish for it—much less have you. Not a few street fights come off here in pairs every day, and the most of them very unscientific. I observed one of those battles yesterday, on Pennsylvania avenue, (the Broadway of Washington,) between a white and black. After the interchange of a few wilfuly struck blows—their arms sweeping a circle nearly—they made an attempt at wrestling—only an attempt, as neither fell. The black, not mindful of the Bob Traverses' style, resorted to the favorite mode of negro fighting, by making a butt-dig at the white opponent, which failed of its object. The pale face, to the amusement of the bystanders, appeared ready to fight Burke on his own plan, and pitched into him head-first. Putting their heads together like two rams, they stood for a moment, then stepped back, and came up striking each other with their heads; now they clinched, and the darkie fell—the white, on top, administered two or three blows, and the negro's nose paid a bloody tribute to their efficacy, blood spouting from the extended nostrils in crimson jets. They were not separated, and the combatants, shaking hands, went away arm in arm—to "take a drink." This is a fair sample of the sort of street frays every day.

There is an excellent Gymnasium here, and the big gloves, the dumb-bells, and all necessary apparatus are in proof that the noble science of athletic exercises for self preservation and bodily vigor are held in estimation by the most respectable portion of the citizens. There are evening entertainments here, which are very respectably patronized. On the 4th, at the Theatre, the "Invisible Prince," with the "Nadine" scenery was performed with good effect. Stuart Robinson won favor, and Mrs. Henri created much applause. Her personal beauty is creating quite an excitement among the Washingtonians proper and visitors, while her accomplishments lend an enchantment almost irresistible, even to the warriors. There was a splendid concert at Willard's Hall this evening. Mrs. Medo Banchard, assisted by Mr. Harry Sherman, Pianist, and Signor Lotti, and the fine Band of the 1st German R. I. N. Y., gave a rich treat; and, although the tickets were one dollar each, yet, the audience nearly filled the Hall.

Professor McCoy, also gave a Shakespearean reading, which was well received.

I have just paid a visit to Arlington Heights, and was among the boys of the noble 8th, New York City Regiment, and the 1st lads of the 19th. There is a perfect unanimity of soldierly brotherhood existing between these two noble regiments—and I can positively assure you that, where one regiment fights the rebel army, there will the other be. They pride themselves in the military discipline and prowess of each other, and are in unity of feeling one and undivided. Father Mooney, the 60th Regiment's Chaplain, is the idol of the regiment. I saw him to-day—he wears a Havelock Cap, and military costume. Both those regiments expect to return home to New York at the expiration of their term of enlistment, which will be the latter part of this month. It will be a lucky day for the "sash" troops when they depart; for these boys on "Arlington Heights" are in first rate fighting order; and should the Bugle sound a sudden call to arms, they will spring to meet the foe with a determination to conquer, as firm as the little (1) Boina Boy did, when he shied his castor before the redoubtable Tom!

"Fort Corcoran," is a standing monument of the indefatigable exertions of the gallant 69th; and will recollect to their memory on the page of American History through the perpetuity of ages.

Yours, &c., J. C. L.

P. S.—I suppose you have received information of the death of one of Elsworth's zouaves; and the revenge taken. The poor fellow was shot on Friday night, (6th inst.) and on the afternoon of to-day, (6th inst.) the zouaves and other New York soldiers fired the house where he fell. Two other houses took fire. I saw the three in flames—they were consumed. A great concourse of citizens and soldiers gathered, and a riot began, a large field being in front of the burning buildings, it was almost amusing (and would have been under less tragical circumstances) to see the fellows—men and boys of all colors—scrambling for a stick, a plank, a ladder, and the like, and the horsemen making pretended cuts at them! Quiet is now restored.

SPORTS IN CALIFORNIA.

GOOD LIFTING.—A patentee of an improved lifting machine has been traveling through the southern portion of California. From the submitted table, it would appear that Columbia, Tuolumne county, for strong men, bears off the palm. As yet, Mr. Yarnall has only found seven persons who have actually lifted 1,000 lbs. avoirdupois, as follows: H. H. Miller, Yuba city, Yuba county, 1,060 lbs.; David Jackson, Columbia, Tuolumne county, 1,055 lbs.; J. Miller, Stockton, San Joaquin county, 1,040 lbs.; E. W. Whitney, Marysville, Yuba county, 1,024 lbs.; H. Eastburn, Sacramento City, 1,002 lbs.;—Glouis, Amador city, Amador county, 1,000 lbs. To these might be added John C. Adams, of Sadora, Tuolumne city, who, without hardly any exertion, and with only one hand, raised 896 lbs., and who offered to bet from \$50 to \$100 that he could raise 1,100 lbs., but could find no takers.

PROTESTANTISM AT EMPIRE RANCH.—Two foot races came off at that Ranch, situated in Yuba County, Cal., on the 1st inst. The first was a race of 100 yards between Edwards and Holmes. The betting was lively. Holmes having the call. Both played for the advantage at the start, and when they got off Holmes was slightly ahead. Edwards passed him in the first fifty yards, but as they neared the score Holmes passed him gallantly, coming home the winner by three feet seven inches, pocketing the cash. The celebrated Forbes was the trainer and adviser of Holmes. Then came a five-mile race, for \$120 a side, between Davis and Mooney. It was won by the latter. Davis, being a half a mile in the rear, drew out on his third mile.

MOWING MATCH.—A mowing match, for \$200 a side, took place recently, at Auburn, Cal., between B. Steele and John Atkinson. A fraction over half an acre was measured off for each man, and they started upon their work at the same time. Steele completed his work in forty-one minutes, leaving Atkinson with four or five more minutes of work to accomplish. Steele was declared the winner. Both men did good and fast work.

FISH BREEDING.—The experiment of the Messrs. Treat, of Robinson, Maine, for the breeding of salmon, shad, alewives, and other fish, will be remembered. These gentlemen, having control of ponds connected with the sea, in 1857 placed fish ready to spawn in them, and when the young fish were sufficiently grown allowed them to go to sea, with the belief that when matured they would return to the same place for procreation. In a letter to the editor of the *Essex Sentinel*, Mr. Treat says the fish have this Spring returned in great numbers. The importance of the fact to the people of that State, it is impossible to estimate. The theory that fish will invariably seek the waters in which they were bred seems now to be fully established, and a rich mine of wealth awaits but the enterprise to work it.

TRIUMPH OF THE STARS AND STRIPES IN WALES.—At a regatta which came off at Cardiff, Wales, on June 20, the first prize was won by an American boat, pulled by an American crew and commanded by a Portland boy. They came up to the Judge's stand with the old Stars and Stripes flying at the stern, amid the cheers of the crowds of admiring spectators.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROF. GEO. ALLEN, Philad'a.—Accept our sincere thanks for the very valuable autograph. We had sent you a copy of our new "Prob. Tour," just before the receipt of your letter and enclosure.

ENIGMA No. 285.

From the Illustrate Zeitung.

at Q6, KR6, QK1sq, QB2, KR3, QR21.

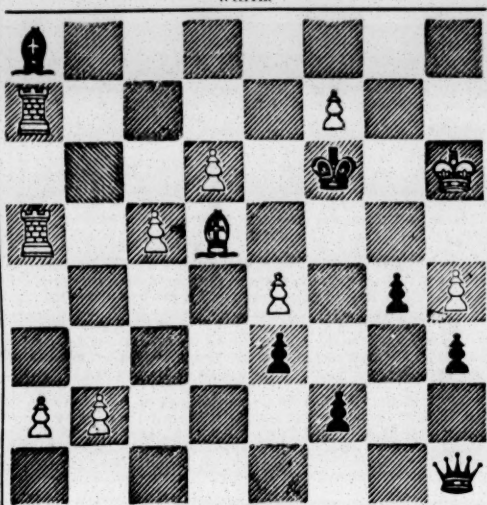
at his B4, K K1sq, KR2, KR5, QK14th.

White to play and give mate in seven moves.

PROBLEM No. 285.

BY JOHN GARDNER.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in six moves.

GAME No. 285.

Played in February last, between Theo. Lichtenhein and our contributor Jas. A. Leclair.

RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAM.

Attack.	Defense.	Attack.	Defense.
1. P to K4	P to K4	21. P to R5(b)	R to P5
2. K to B3	Q to B3	22. K to K3	P to K5
3. K to B3	P to Q3(a)	23. K to B3	R to K3
4. B to Q4	K to B3	24. K to R2	R to K3
5. P to Q4	K to P3	25. K to B3	Q to K3
6. P to K5	K to B3	26. K to B3	P to K5
7. Castles	K to B3	27. K to P3	R to P3
8. K to B3	P to Q4	28. Q to K3	Q to Q4
9. K to P3	Q to K3	29. K to Q3	Q to K3
10. Q to K3	P to K3	30. Q to K3	P to Q5
11. P to B4	P to K3	31. Q to K3	Q to P3
12. K to B3	K to B3	32. K to B3	Q to P3
13. Q to B3	K to B3	33. P to K4	Q to P3
14. R to P3	Castles	34. K to R3	K to R3
15. Q to Q2	P to K4	35. Q to B3	K to K3
16. Q to Q2	P to B4	36. K to B3	Q to K3
17. Q to B2	Q to K3	37. K to Q3	Q to K3
18. P to R4	Q to P2	38. P to Q3	Q to P4
19. K to B3	K to B3	39. K to B2	P to Q6
20. Q to K2	K to B3	40. The Defense wins the game.	

(a) Another strong testimony to the validity of Herr Lowenthal's defense to this powerful assault. We commenced the opening of the game, both in Attack and Defense, to the careful attention of our readers.

(b) Sacrificing a Pawn with the view of obtaining an attack, but, as the sequel shows, he is only playing his adversary's game.

(c) This is as bad as taking the Pawn. In either case the exchange is lost.

(d) And a most compact win it is, too.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price \$2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUINN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—"Clifford, why don't you speak to me? Oh, Clifford, is it you?" Nuff said, eh?

YENDES, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have not Mr. K's position before us at present, and therefore cannot reply. In our next we will try to do so. The thermometer manufacturers of New York have "went and did it" this time! Made the "infernal machines" too long by half a foot! Thanks for position.

CONTRA.—We have two or three of your positions on hand. Let us hear from you at your leisure. Be particular to name your place of residence.

Black, Newark, N. J.—Shall be pleased to hear from you again. Please, very practical—the very kind we wish to place before our friends.

GAME No. 14—VOL. IX.

From Drummond's Treatise.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 22 to 18	10 to 14	14. 27 to 23	16 to 20
2. 25 to 22	11 to 16	15. 14 to 9	6 to 14
3. 22 to 17	9 to 13	16. 18 to 9	20 to 27
4. 17 to 10	6 to 22	17. 31 to 24	7 to 11
5. 26 to 17	13 to 22	18. 9 to 6	11 to 18
6. 30 to 26	8 to 11	19. 24 to 20	16 to 19
7. 26 to 17	11 to 15	20. 23 to 16	12 to 19
8. 24 to 19	15 to 24	21. 5 to 1	19 to 23
9. 27 to 11	7 to 16	22. 1 to 5	23 to 26
10. 28 to 24	5 to 9	23. 5 to 9	26 to 31
11. 23 to 18	9 to 13	24. 9 to 14	4 to 8
12. 17 to 14	3 to 7	25. 14 to 9	31 to 27
13. 32 to 27	1 to 6		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 13—VOL. IX.

BY MACK.

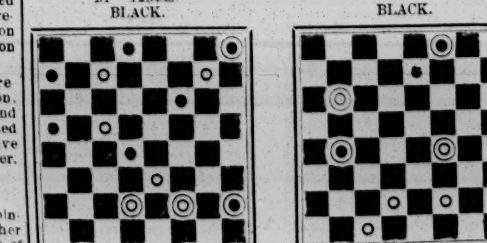
Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 7 to 10	20 to 27	8. 18 to 14	10 to 17
2. 10 to 6	1 to 10	4. 13 to 24	and wins.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 32d POSITION.

White.	Black.
1. 19 to 23	25 to 29
2. 17 to 21	and must win.

POSITION No. 14—VOL. IX. THE 32d POSITION OF STURGES.

BY "YENDES."



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.

Black to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLITHE.

Black—Acceptance.	White—Blithe.
5. 8 to 11	17 to 13
6. 9 to 14	29 to 25
Black—Mary.	White—W. S. K.
4. 4 to 8	24 to 20
5. 12 to 16	25 to 22
Black—O. T. S.	White—W. S. K.
12. 16 to 20	28 to 24
13. 20 to 27	29 to 25
14. 19 to 13	32 to 28

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

JEAN MARGARET DAVENPORT.

A NATIVE of Great Britain—born in May, 1830, Mr. Davenport, like many others who have trod the stage, had no desire that his child should adopt a profession, the trials and troubles of which are known only to the experienced, and consequently she was prohibited from visiting the theatre. Through the influence, and with the aid of a maid servant who was won by flattery and kind persuasion, the young girl was smuggled, as it were, into the theatre, and in a corner of the pit witnessed the performance of a play on the stage; but, fearful that her absence might be discovered by her parents, she was hurried home, and on their return was found asleep. The effect that the performance had upon her was such, that the next day her secret entrance to the theatre, and the stolen enjoyment she had partaken of, became known, as she most unconsciously commenced humming an air which she had for the first time listened to the night previous.

At the age of eight years she made her debut at the Richmond Theatre, in the character of Little Pickle, in "The Spoiled Child." Her appearance was most successful, and with the advice of friends, she studied and performed Richard the Third with equal elan.

After an engagement of twelve nights at the Haymarket, London, she visited Leeds, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, B. H. St. Dublin, Limerick, Cork, and was everywhere received with the greatest praise, making such proficiency in her studies that her numerous admirers might exclaim, with Master Walter:—

"I need not say

How fast you grew in knowledge, and in goodness—

That hope could scarce enjoy its golden dreams—

So soon fulfillment realized them all."

While in Cork, the steamer Sirius entered the harbor, and, without any previous preparation, Miss D. embarked on her, and arrived at New York on the 11th of June, 1858, being among the first visitors from England who steamed it to our shores. She immediately effected an engagement of twelve nights with Mr. Jas. Wallack, of the Old National Theatre, New York. The juvenile actress was a novelty, and her success was such that we may safely say that the public are indebted to her success for the scores of precocious children that have since followed in her footsteps.

Her first appearance at Philadelphia, at the Chestnut street Theatre, as Richard the Third, and a new piece called "The Manager's Daughter."

In Boston, she first appeared at the National Theatre, and, after a tour in the Lion, with the greatest success. After a western tour, Miss D. returned to New York—performed a brief engagement at the Theatre, and, as the West India, it was here widely determined to withdraw her from the stage, and, regardless of pecuniary considerations, the family sailed for Leghorn and Florence. For four years she remained almost unknown, but not forgotten.

In Paris and other principal cities of Europe, she reaped every advantage, and reappeared on the stage at Dover, and in London, in Dec., 1864, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

She embarked at Southampton on the 20th of August, 1860, and for a second time landed in New York, making her first appearance, Sept. 24, '61, at the Astor place Opera House.

As Charlotte Corday, I have rarely witnessed a performance so full of genius; every action teeming with fire, every speech disclosing the loftiest inspiration. The actress became absorbed in her part, losing her identity in the character of the heroine, and depicting a very shade of Corday's strengthening purpose to rid France of the monster Marat, with a fidelity, an earnestness, and a passion sufficient to win for her the highest place in the ranks of her profession. Her appearance after she has accomplished the assassination, needs not saying, the horror with which she casts away the fatal steel, and glares upon her bloody hands. Miss D. may place Charlotte Corday among her chief characters; it is not only a true picture from history, but an impersonation of unapproached genius.

As Camille, she plays with an impressive earnestness. There is nothing repulsive in the delineation, nor nothing objectionable; to our mind, she presents the picture of a sad, repentant, loving woman, whose history is replete with instruction.

Miss Davenport ranks among the most accomplished of the tragic actresses of the day, and yet she can scarcely be considered as one, from the fact of her style being more of the artistic melo-dramatic than that of one who is capable of exciting the deep and powerful emotions of the human heart, by those great mental and physical qualities that so eminently distinguish the tragic queens of the stage.

Miss D. may be compared with Charlotte Cushman in the lofty characters of the drama, but in her superior in the more quiet ones of the Buvar and Knowles school; for her art makes up for the absence of those eminent qualities that distinguish the former, and which made a Siddons, a Duff, and a Wood so eminent.

The merely acting a part is the result of tutelage and study; the portraying it truthfully is an effort of genius. Art merely fashions a character to the artist's beauty, and is her Miss Davenport is excellent; but to invest it with life, feeling, and all that incites the passions, and awakens the emotions of the soul—to make us feel the words of the poet, as conveyed to us through the medium of action and declamation, is the work of one who has studied human nature, in its connection with the drama, as closely as that of its mechanism.

I look upon Miss Davenport's impersonation of character as upon a beautiful flower: it is lovely in every way; it is, in fact, seemingly true to nature—but it is not real. It has not the vitality, nor the perfume that makes it real—hence we lay it aside, and let it fade in its own obscurity.

An artist of so refined a nature as this lady is, gifted with genius, and a mind cultivated by study, it is somewhat surprising that she has not a greater variety of characters in her catalogue of acting than she has.

In closing this sketch, it may not be amiss to allude to the personal appearance of this lady; for beauty blended with talent is a two-fold blessing, and she has ever been irresistible to the public. She is of medium stature, with sufficient corpulence to denote the enjoyment of good health, without approaching grossness. Her face is full and expressive, clear complexion, well marked features, and her hair of that peculiar luxuriance which ladies can but envy when they witness the taste she exhibits in its arrangement.

Miss D. possesses a finely cultivated mind, acquired from the enjoyment of the society of every sort of cultivated and talented people, and the tuition of the best masters. A model worthy of imitation in the pronunciation of her own tongue, she is not less proficient in foreign languages.

She has a beautiful cottage of "Grey-stone" on Massachusetts Bay, near Lynn. There she passes the summer months with her mother, and a few intimate friends.

On the 15th of October, 1860, this lady was married at San Francisco, by the Rev. T. Starr King, to Col. Frederic W. Laidler.

MISS POLLY MARSHALL.

Born in England, in 1813—made her first appearance at two years of age, at Drury Lane Theatre, London, at which time, as the stock child, her pretty face and good temper made her the darling of the company. From that time, all through her youth, she was scarcely out of the list of that theatre, or at Covent Garden; and afterwards, on her arrival in America, at the Lyceum, and Charles Kean, at the Princess' Made her debut in America, at Burton's Theatre, New York, in 1856, where she played one season. First appeared in Philadelphia, July 6th 1857, as Captain Charlotte, and Polly Crisp, at the National Theatre, under John Drew's management.

Miss Marshall has a vivacious temperament, a quick perception of fun and frolic, eyes that momentary lights up the stars, a voice full-toned and sweet, a form finely developed, white, as a dancer, she is thoroughly artistic; and yet, with all these accomplishments, her engagement in Philadelphia was a complete failure. There are certain peculiar characters of the drama that we are almost compelled to criticize by the rule of comparison, and the ones selected by this young lady come immediately under the head of that class. Nor should we devote the space we purpose to use in this instance, were it not for the number of petty puffs that have been written and published in her favor. Connected with these "avant coureurs," there are certain illusions which strike us as coming in grave and taste from the source to which we think they can be traced. In one of these puffs it is very seriously stated that "she was admitted at the palace of Windsor," that being a "royal patent of purity of domestic character, avouching to the world that no taint sullies the fair reputation of those who are honored by the august invitation." Now there is fun in this, real downright John Bull fun, for, if history tells the truth, the inner temples of royalty are everything else but those of chastity or virtue. Still we are pleased to learn that outsiders can pass freely and receive the royal stamp of virtue, which no man dare gainsay.

Miss Polly having passed the royal ordeal, the historian or the puff-blower goes on to say, and here he speaks like a sensible man, and gives a slap at the "morality of the Green Room," in this wise:—

"Through all these experiences of the temptations and dangers of life behind the scenes, that Miss Marshall has avoided the many snares that entrap the hasty and unwary, may be assigned to two causes. First, her early initiation sheltered her from the false notions and shows that so bewilder others; and, secondly, she has never lacked the jealous care of parents and brothers, who, them, had guarded the fair fame of their pet and pride with scrupulous love and fidelity."

This is the best recommendation and the highest compliment that can be paid to a "lady actress." We consider this an important announcement, for in an article we wrote some time ago, we mentioned a fact in the English history of the drama, that in some of the principal towns of England evidences of character on the part of the actors and actresses were actually necessary before they were permitted to play. Still while we admit the apt introduction of the following extract from one of these puffs, we cannot but censure the writer for the slur he throws upon the profession generally. Hear him:—

"No calumny attains her name, or dims the beauty of a character so rare as professional rank, and, yet, as this instance illustrates, so possible there."

And again, we most decidedly object to that part which says that "she turned the heads of half the young men of the city of New York." Admitting the truth of this assertion, (which we do not), it is not only a slur on the profession, but a slur on the stage and the drama, as at once destroyed, and men's heads are turned by the appearance of an artist, with the least reference to the character she impersonates, or its connection with the subject of the drama. The object of the stage is to hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own features, to show her own image, and the very age and body of the time her form and pressure. But here the writer would have the artist hold up to public gaze:—

"To show her form and pressure," and thus turn the heads of half the young men in New York. This, we should think, would be no difficult matter, judging from these puffs. The qualifications of this young lady can be summed up in a few words. She is a plump little English woman, without any of those exquisite features of beauty and grace of form which we are so accustomed to see in the actresses of the heads of half the young men of the city of New York form a sort of pious in consequence thereof. Her grace we could not perceive, her musical qualifications are chambermaidish, and her ab—"grace to the letter" that comes in regular order of the alphabet, between the G and the I, was very evident. She therefore was at "times" thought it.

As a light (and discreet) talented comedienne, ranking in a New York company about second rate, we should say this young lady would be a valuable acquisition, but as a star the idea is preposterous.

In the Little Treasure, as Gertrude, she probably appeared to the best advantage. In this little gem she displayed much dramatic talent, and although not of sufficient excellence to entitle her to the star's position, still enough to rank her among the first, not above that of our stock actresses. We say this with the best of feelings, but an act of justice compels us to be candid.

Next week, William E. Burton.

HEENAN, SAYERS, MACE, AND BLONDIN.

From the London Saturday Review.

It would be superfluous to insist that the directors of the Crystal Palace Company have failed to accomplish certain objects to which they formerly professed to attach much importance. We shall not take the trouble to inquire whether art or science has been much profited by their speculation. Let it suffice that the Palace offers at all times an agreeable lounge, and occasionally convenient space for assembling and ministering to the amusement of large crowds. Those who have visited the Crystal Palace, and have taken tea or dinner at the Palace afterwards, cannot reasonably complain that the directors of the company have departed from the exalted but tedious course of action which was at first marked out for them. Let us thank the enterprising capitalists by whom we have been excited and amused as well as

either that Blenden will fall from his rope, or that Mace, or a succeeding champion, will be killed in a fair fight. Even if the latter should be proved as serious as is reported, it is not likely to be remembered that an accident, which was at the time the A. M. B. ring is neither more nor less likely to cause the death of the rope or the trapeze; and a disaster from any one of these causes would bring equal reproach upon the law which permitted, and the spectators who applauded, the performance of the adventurer who lost his life in trying to gain his living.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

HAVING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

Bill Abbot—His Fight With Dolly Smith.

Abbot was matched against Dolly Smith, for twenty guineas a side, and this battle took place near the Barge House, in Essex, on Tuesday, February 2, 1819: on which day, the amateurs, totally indifferent to the rain, left the Metropolis to witness this mill, and mustered rather numerously at the above spot; and, had the weather proved more favorable, the situation must have been considered truly interesting and picturesque. The ships sailing up and down the river; the fine buildings, and noble appearance of Woolwich Warren, opposite; the verdure of the fields; the extensive prospect all around, added to the retirement—were well calculated to put the Fancy in good humor. But this spot, it seems, was protected by a gate; and, although not guarded by the three heads of Old Cerberus, (but by Old Tom,) yet it was thought that the former hero of antiquity might have been much sooner gammoned to pass without an acknowledgment, than the vigilance of those who were stationed at this entrance. The signal for milling was at length announced; and it would be a libel upon the lads not to assert, that they attended the summons bang-up in spirits. This conduct was only according to etiquette, as the President of the Daffies was selected to be the umpire on this occasion. Dolly was well known to the ring, from his combats with Hares, Scroggins, and Cannon; and Abbot also, from defeating Hares and Jones, was considered a rising boxer. At half-past one, Smith threw up his hat in the ring, accompanied by his seconds, Randall and Owen; and Abbot, followed by Oliver and Shelton. There was also an outer roped ring; and two sacks of saw-dust were spread over the small ring, for the accommodation of the combatants. The ceremony of shaking hands took place, when the men set-to. 5 to 4 on Abbot.

Round 1. The men both appeared in good condition, but Abbot looked the best in every point of view. They were more cautious than was expected, and some long sparring occurred. If Smith had not hit first, Abbot, in all probability, would have remained on the defensive for an hour. Dolly, with his right hand, put in a sharp bodier, which, had it been a little higher, must have felled his opponent, which Abbot returned short. Dolly hit and got away; when, after some exchanges, they closed, and Smith went down, and the claret was seen on his right eye. Loud shouting.

2. The caution of Abbot astonished the amateurs; and Dolly again hit and got away. Some blows were exchanged, and, in closing, Dolly again went down bleeding.

3. Dolly meant well towards punishing his opponent, and went to work with his right hand; but it was out of distance, and he was again on the ground.

4. Dolly was so short to get at Abbot, he could not nob him, and was always compelled to hit first. They closed, and some sharp fibbing occurred, when both went down, but Dolly undermost. 6 to 4 on Abbot; and the combat bettered round 2 to 1.

5. The short arms of Dolly frequently failed in planting a blow. This was a tolerable round, and Smith received a severe hit, that sent him staggering away; but he recovered himself. In closing, Dolly paid away; but he went down, bleeding copiously.

6. Abbot made some fouls; when, after a short round, Dolly was hit down. Bravo! and loud shouting.

7. Dolly came quite fresh to the scratch, but he received a heavy body hit that felled him. "Well done, Abbot."

8. This was a sharp round, and both down.

9. Both hit short. Long sparring. In closing, some fibbing occurred, when Dolly broke away. More sparring. Abbot hit short, in closing at the ropes, Abbot hit Dolly down. Shouting, and "Bravo, Abbot!"

10. The expected smashing force of Abbot was not seen, and he kept retreating till Dolly hit first, when he then let fly, frequently to advantage. Both down.

11. Dolly's mug was painted in every direction, while Abbot had not received a scratch. Some sharp fibbing, and Dolly the worst of it, and down.

12. Abbot never tried to take the lead, although he generally got the best of the round. He was the best at in fighting, and Dolly now bled copiously, till both went down.

13. Both down.

14. Dolly gave a good bodier; and, after some hard hitting, both again down.

15. Dolly put in a sharp rounder, that made Abbot's pimple rattle again. ("Such another pretty Dolly," roars out Tom Owen, "is not to be seen in the kingdom.") After some sharp exchanges, Dolly was hit down on the right side of his head.

16. The punishment on Dolly's mug was conspicuous. Both down.

17. The right eye of Dolly was nearly closed, and the blood was so plentiful, that he could scarcely get rid of it from his mouth. Some sharp work in a close, but Dolly down. 33 minutes.

18. This was a good round, but the left hand of Dolly appeared of no use to him; and Abbot's right seemed tied to his shoulder. The latter waited with the greatest patience for the attacks of Dolly, which did not at all time shield him from heavy blows on the side of his neck and one of his jaws. In closing, some very severe fibbing occurred, when Dolly extricated himself with some talent. Two sharp counter hits Dolly received a checker, which put him in a dancing attitude; and he performed some new steps without the aid of music; but he at length recovered himself, and returned to the charge like a Waterloo Trump, and made so formidable a stand, that Abbot resorted to some long sparring. Dolly, however, got the worst of it, and he was felled. Shouting on both sides of the ring; and Smith shared the applause with his opponent.

19 to 24. In some of these rounds, when Dolly was breaking away, Abbot made several chops at him, but without doing any material execution. In the last round, Smith began to fight with both his hands, and the ear and neck of Abbot exhibited marks of heavy hitting. Both down.

25. Dolly was clearly hit down. "Well done, my Cabbage Cutter; that's the way to finish it."

26. The dose was repeated by Abbot; and the claret from Dolly's mug was copious in the extreme.

27 to 32. Dolly never could effect any change; and Abbot was patiently waiting every round for Smith. The head of the latter was terrific.

33. Dolly had decidedly the best of this round. Both down.

34. Smith was down; but the ground was in a most wretched slippery state. A guinea to a shilling was offered; but this was thought more bravado than judgment.

35 to 39. Long sparring, and the partizans of Abbot roaring out for him to "go in." "No, no," says Ram Old Mog, "he knows the advantage of keeping his distance better. Dye mind me, he's what I call a distance cove. By the Lord Mayor we shall win it now, why it's Wellington to a dandy; a n't it, Dolly? Go along, my boy, with your left morkly, and his pimple will be of no service to him!" In spite, however, of all the encouragement of his lively second, Dolly was ultimately felled.

40 to 49. To detail the minutiae of these rounds would be superfluous. Dolly at times made some sharp hits, but there was no alteration in his favor. The flesh waterman, of Hungerford notoriety, was so tired of the combat, that he made a boast he could do more execution in five minutes, that they had come during the whole time of fighting; but while this Knight of the Oar was so full of chaffing, and giving directions like a reconnoitering general, he lost sight of the safety of his own person, and his thimble was absent without leave.

50 to 127. The rain came down in torrents; but the mill went on with all the regularity of sunshine. Abbot showed nothing like a decisive fighter; and there was once or twice he did not like the sobbers he had received. Dolly, in the majority of these rounds, went down every round.

128 to 138 and last. It appeared, Dolly entertained an opinion that he could not lose it; and even after two hours and a quarter had passed, he nodded satisfactorily to his friends that his confidence had not deserted him. There was nothing interesting in the whole of these rounds to amateurs; and Dolly endeavored to tire out his adversary by going down, but without effect, when he at last said he could fight no more. Two hours and fifty-five minutes had elapsed.

Abbot was by no means a first-rate fighter; if he had any such pretensions, he ought to have beat Dolly "off hand." He was all caution; and his strength enabled him to last the longest. He was very glad when Dolly said "No!" It was one of the most fatiguing fights that ever occurred; and, added to the pitiless pelting showers, and the amateurs standing up to their knees in mud, the ring was almost deserted before the fight was ended. It was only the out-and-outers that remained. Dolly was a game man, and only wanted length of arm to have won the combat. To describe the pitiful appearance of the amateurs would have required the pencil of a Hogarth; they had not a dry thread about them. Abbot had scarcely a scratch upon his face; but was much distressed

towards the end, and led out of the ring. Smith was put to bed at the Barge House. Little betting occurred. Owing to the bad state of the weather, not a single shilling was collected for Dolly Smith; but he had a benefit given to him, under the patronage of some spirited amateurs. He suffered very much from Abbot falling upon him; and also, at one time, when the ring was beat out, he accidentally received a dreadful cut from a whip, upon his head.

THE CONVICT.

To the south of Fort Cumberland, on the Hampshire coast, rises a little knoll of ground, from which the adjacent landscape assumes the most picturesque appearance. On one side, a gloomy morass dimly blackens the distant horizon; but to the right of the fort, the gently swelling hills that stretch along the sea coast, assume fainter tints as they recede from the view, till at last they terminate in the deep blue ocean; beyond, at the very verge of distance, stands the gibbet on which the unhappy convicts were executed. It is situated on a bleak, desolate moor; and, as the mouldering remnants of the victims of justice swing loosely in the gale, or drop piece-meal on the earth, the sea birds scream around the spot, anxious for their prey, and presenting an image of unrelieved horror. When the day is stormy the dark waves dash against the hills, the sea frog rolls down their sides, and the artificial knoll of earth is wet with the spray that foams around it with resistless energy. The eye of the passing stranger is then perhaps attracted to the spot; for, when the lowlands are partially inundated, it rears its blue summits from the surrounding ocean. It is interesting to his feelings, from its utter desolation; but becomes sacred to his memory while he listens to the tale of sorrow connected with it which we have often heard in our infancy, and can never wholly obliterate.

About 30 years ago a young man, with an aged grandmother and her son, came to reside at a trifling distance from Fort Cumberland: they took up their abode at a small cottage in the neighborhood, and principally depended for subsistence on the precarious occupation of fishing. They had once been respectable tradesmen at Portsmouth; but a variety of unforeseen circumstances had reduced them to poverty, and compelled them to seek the security of solitude. For a few months after their arrival, the encouragement they received from the Fort, where they daily carried their baskets of fish, had restored to them comparative tranquillity, when the unusual violence of some equinoctial gales, dashed their little fishing smack against the adjacent rocks, and rendered their humble occupation at once dangerous and profitless. To increase if possible their misery, the old lady, and the father of the young man, languished in the agony of extreme want, without either friends or relatives to succor them. He could have borne his own sorrows with firmness; but the sight of his dearest connections dying from positive exigency, and sinking on their couch of sickness without even a mouthful of bread to eat, and scarcely a torn rag to shield them from the chilly night-air, drove him to the verge of distraction. When he saw the fading lustre in the eyes of his aged grandmother—her form slowly sinking in the grave, her wan looks imploring even one solitary meal to comfort her, and her pallid cheeks gradually assuming the cadaverous hue of death; his agony assumed the aspect of determined insanity. He seized the opportunity when his father, partially recovered from indisposition, had gone to petition the governor of the Fort for relief, to station himself by the high road, with the intention of wresting money from each traveller for the purpose of future provision. With a brace of horse pistols in his pocket, he sallied out from the cottage to put his nefarious designs into immediate execution. The night was well adapted to the occasion; it was dark and stormy; and the continued roar of the ocean waves, and the solitary shriek of the sea-bird, increased the natural gloom of the scene. The young man, in the meantime, hastened tremblingly onward, and his mind assumed a stern resolution from the corresponding influence of the night-prospect. A tempest had already commenced; the hollow-sounding thunder echoed along the dim arch of heaven, and the lightning flashed with splendor around him. As he passed the lonely gibbet, under which the bones of unburied malefactors were yet bleaching, and heard the sullen swing of the chains to which a mouldering skeleton was attached, he imagined his own similar situation in case of detection, and his boasted courage for the first time failed him. The storm, meanwhile, raged with unabated violence, and a broad stream of lightning shone dimly through the ghastly skeleton, whose whitening bones hung dangling in the wind. At this instant the noise of approaching footsteps was heard echoing across the heath; the sounds advanced nearer; and a dark figure, wholly muffled up in a night-cloak, stood by the side of the robber. He drew the pistol from its hiding place, and the stranger moved slowly on; twice he attempted to pull the trigger and twice it trembled in his grasp. The courage of despair came at length to his assistance; he thought of his dying grandmother; his own father starving in utter hopelessness; and the thought smote on his phrensyed imagination. He fired; and, with a deep suppressed groan of anguish, the death-choked voice of which rushed full on his racked brain, the stranger dropped lifeless at his feet. Agitated with a variety of contending emotions, he bore the ensanguined body to his cottage, and placed it on a chair, until he should return with a lantern to dispossess it of its money and wearing apparel.

It was now deep midnight; the old lady had long since retired to her bed, and all around was still, but the distant roar of waters, or the sullen sound of the north wind, as it whistled gloomily through the bleak walls of the cottage. After a short interval the murderer returned, bearing a dark lantern in his hand. He cast a suspicious glance around, looked the door of the apartment, and then with a trembling frame attempted to unveil the countenance of his victim. Gently he drew back the cloth that concealed the face; and the body rolled with a heavy crash to the ground, and disclosed the glazed eyes and convulsed stiffened features of—his father!—of that father, for whose sake he had thus plunged himself deep in guilt, and whom he had murdered, as he returned from the Fort, with a promise of assistance from the governor. He gazed at the corpse as though he had gazed his whole soul away at the sight; he burst out into a hellish shout of triumphant laughter; and the fire of the deepest, the deadliest madness, flashed across his brain. He then raised the body from the ground; and with a bitter shriek, the sound of which is described as having been like nothing earthly, rushed with it into the room of his grandmother. A dim rushlight was burning in the chimney corner as he entered, and the tattered fringe was drawn close round the bed. He approached—he drew aside the curtains, and roused the trembling woman by the wild phrensy of his triumph. She started at the noise; and the first objects that presented themselves were the blood-stained figure of her son, gazing at her with eyes fixed in the livid ghastliness of death, and the fearful aspect of her grandchild gnashing his teeth with phrensy, and shouting aloud with the unearthly yellings of a demon. She could see, she could feel no more. Death seized her at the instant; she cast but one look of kindness, as if imploring a blessing on her murderer, and then closed her eyes in the eternal slumber of the grave.

In the meantime, the shrieks of the unhappy parricide drew the attention of some of the guards belonging to the Fort, and who happened to be passing at the moment. They rushed forward to investigate the cause, and beheld a sight of never-to-be-forgotten horror. The dead body of the old lady was reposing on the bed where she had just now expired, and the maniac had placed the corpse of his father in his arms, and was weeping and laughing over it like an infant, as he unconsciously twined his fingers through the dark grizzly locks stiffened with gore, and passed his hand across the pallid features that struck to his heart with the icy chillness of death. With some dif-

iculty the guards were able to secure him; stratagem at length prevailed, and he was removed on board the convict ship that was stationed off the coast opposite Fort Cumberland. The bodies of the mother and her son were quietly committed to the grave, and the circumstances of the dreadful transaction remembered but as a dream that once was.

Time rolled on; and as the hour of his trial approached, the spirits of the poor maniac seemed likely to settle into a calm melancholy. The heavy clogs that had hitherto been attached to his feet, were now therefore removed, and he was permitted to occupy the cabin that looked out upon the sea-shore. Here he would sit for hours, watching the vessels as they passed to and fro, and weeping at the remembrance of former days. At a distance was the gibbet, the scene at once of his guilt, and its probable punishment. A shudder of horror passed over his countenance whenever he beheld it, and the wildness of insanity again took possession of his soul. But, when the fit was passed, tears would sometimes come to his relief, and he would weep alone in silence. His disposition, naturally generous and kind-hearted, appeared softened by misfortune, and even his brother convicts would feel for so lonely a situation, as they saw him, with eyes fixed on vacancy, muttering and talking to himself. His health, in the meantime, failed; and it was evident, from the increasing depression of his spirits, and the hectic glow of his complexion, that "his days were numbered in the land." For himself, he seemed always to rejoice in the prospect of approaching death, and a faint smile would often pass across his face, as he surveyed his wasted features, and felt the increasing languor of his frame. As the hour of his dissolution arrived, he wished for the last time to behold the grave where all that was once dear to him lay buried. With this visionary idea he seized the fitting opportunity, when the windows of his cabin were thrown open, and the guards had returned for the night, to emancipate himself from the slight shackles that bound him, and swim to the neighboring shore.

At the dead hour of midnight, lights were seen moving in the convict ship; the alarm bell was rung, the thunder of cannon echoed across the ocean, and the universal confusion of the guards and seamen announced the escape of the prisoner. A well-manned boat, in which two savage blood hounds were placed, was instantly rowed to the sea-coast and the dogs, closely followed by their pursuers, were sent to hunt out the residence of the maniac. They set forward on their chase, and soon arrived at the little cottage where the sufferer once dwelt, and which was now generally avoided as the unholy resort of evil spirits. The officers approached at the instant, but had scarcely arrived, when a faint shriek of agony was heard. It proceeded from the convict, who had been traced to the ruined home of his father, and was discovered sobbing on the matted couch where he had last slept. The blood-hounds rushed upon their prey, and, ere a few minutes had elapsed, the corpse of the parricide lay mangled on the ground.

He was buried with his murdered victims, in the little knoll of earth that we have mentioned in the opening description, and though "the winds of many winters have sighed over his remains," and these birds have built their nests upon his grave, he lies as quietly as if all nature was hushed around him. His tale, meanwhile, is often told to the passing stranger, as he pauses to contemplate the wild spot where he sleeps, and the tear of genuine pity often falls at the remembrance of his misfortunes. Superstition has consecrated his burial-place; and when the dark waves dash against the beach, and the rising storm broods over the face of the landscape, his spirit is reported to rise from its cold sepulchre, and exult in the sight of destruction.

TREATISE ON SWIMMING.

NUMBER FOUR.

DIVING.—This is an important element in the swimming science, both on account of the amusement it affords, and also from its value in recovering things lost—even life itself when in danger. It is simply swimming under water, and is taken with the breath full and eyes open. But instead of the tendency to sink as in top swimming, it is now to rise; the human body, when fully inflated and wholly immersed, being considerably lighter than water. Here is a proof of both the importance of burying a portion of the head, and of a small head in fast swimming, for the weight of the head neutralized, evidently turns the scale between the tendencies of sinking or floating. For the same reason the speed is considerably greater under water, and it is easy to dive from fifty to sixty yards. It is not advisable to dive at great speed with open eyes, the pressure against the eyeballs then becoming painful, which at slow rates is scarcely felt. Altogether it is to be done with caution; frequent use of it and at considerable depths is very harmful, owing to the apoplectic tendencies encouraged by it. When the diver feels pain in the head immediately after coming to the surface, it is a hint from nature to leave off forcing the blood into the brain. Accordingly it is found that for diving matches, considerable abstinence is necessary, to avoid the danger which would exist in a body of ordinary plethora; meat and wine ought to be avoided for some days beforehand. Thus the training required is of precisely the opposite character to that pursued for other feats of strength. But its legitimate use is productive of much enjoyment at moderate depths—say not over ten or twelve feet. One of the most useful exercises is to throw in white or glittering objects in clear water, and search for them. Let the distance from the diving place be gradually increased, and the diver aim at obtaining a true line from point to point, so as to come straight upon it without groping for the hidden treasure. When it can be seen from the bank, he ought to reach it at one swoop without striking once. It is good practice to throw in several eggs at once, and try to fetch up the greatest number together. After a time one becomes quite at home with the bottom of the water, and able to deal with dark as well as light objects. The writer remembers the clearing out of a large mass of sunken objects obstructing a bathing place and fishery, by the repeated efforts of a party of swimmers; the depth was here considerable, not less than 16 feet, quite sufficient to make it dark overhead in any but very bright water.

As for the tricks usually displayed by proficient, they are not subjects for these pages. There is one only which we shall notice, and that not because it has any merit, but as being a mark or test of a perfect command of the water; it is to swim on the belly backwards, i. e., with the feet foremost. The three points we have treated of are the truly valuable, viz: swimming proper, head-taking and diving.

ON LEARNING AND TEACHING TO SWIM.—There are many methods of learning and teaching our art, ranging between the cut and dried drill exercise of the foreign military school and the unassisted struggle of youth fighting its own battles in its own way, with no other light but the will to succeed. These are the two extremes. If called to decide between them we should say that the first elaborate method makes the most, but the worst swimmers, while without any help at all some will fail to learn altogether, some will succeed after a fashion, very few will achieve distinction. We are for teaching, not because a good system will succeed in every case in making a swimmer of some sort, but for teaching on a plan which leads and regulates the pupil without converting him into a puppet. The supervision of a teacher ensures a right theory and the correction of faults, and it also gives that confidence which many a lad is deficient in when launched quite alone; confidence is all important, as Dr. Franklin rightly said, and it is a great thing for such timid beginners to feel that nothing can happen to them.

The German system, by which their soldiers learn en masse, is to hold the learner by a broad band under the chest, suspended from a pole held by the master, who walks on the deck of his bath, and slides the pole along the railing as his scholar moves on. "One," "two,"

"three," denote the different motions of the arms and legs together, and he is not allowed to swim at all till he has acquired all the component actions of the stroke separately and perfectly. This is very well, supposing the motions to be properly analysed and divided, though upon that point we have doubts; but the manner in which the youth is laced up and kept in buckram, soldier fashion, when he has once learnt to float himself, is childish and hurtful. It is most ludicrous to see it carried on with unending pedantic routine, without any freedom or expansion of the natural powers—the effect is that German bath swimmers are the worst imaginable. The writer has seen hundreds upon hundreds, but never yet one presentable performer. They have no play or vigor; the arms seem to have been educated without the legs, the kick is weak and inefficient. You never see them turn about and boldly tackle the current; their system only suits easy going down-stream swimming. Moreover, here, as generally elsewhere, nothing is taught about the breathing, the management of which is the very front and marrow of all excellence. One of the most laughable displays of incapacity ever witnessed by the writer occurred at the trial of a large number of Austrian soldiers who had been duly taught, and pronounced ready to be tried for swimming across the Danube. They swam like so many hum, backs and miserably slow; many failed altogether, and were pulled back again into the wuffs accompanying them. They had been taught as puppets, and swam accordingly, after a wooden, lifeless fashion. But supposing we grant that assistance is to be given, what form of it is to be recommended? The plan of supporting by suspension is very good, but it is only suited for baths, and we must usually teach in pools or rivers, or on the coast, where those paraphernalia are impracticable. Well, we think the best plan ordinarily is for master and pupil to enter the water in company, and first go through the elementary movements as concerted, and in this way:—The "first position" is to draw the legs up and bring the hands together, with fingers outstretched but bent close against each other, under the chin. At the word "one," both hands and feet are dashed out to full stretch; at "two," the hands are moved around to describe a quarter of a circle and leave off extended at right angles to the body; at "three," the legs and arms are drawn in again to "first position," ready for another stroke. When the pupil has fixed these in his mind, and can do them with steadiness, let the teacher place a finger under the child's breast, he lying flat on the water, and give the word of command, pausing distinctly after each movement. Then let them be done continuously, so as to occupy together one breathing, stopping with the exhalation. Next let the child be made to throw himself off his feet by his own effort, and receiving the same support with the finger, try to swim forward for four strokes, and when able to make progress through the water, let him go up to his shoulders upon a shelving bottom, and strike three, four, or five strokes without support; or, what is still better, let him swim till he reaches his teacher, who places himself between him and the shore, just so far off as he calculates to be within the lad's power. As he is always going into shallower water this reassures him, and lightens the dread of being ducked. A great point is to make him sure that ducking and swallowing water do him no harm, and that when under water he will immediately find his feet, for children believe that they cannot get up if fairly laid under water. Encourage him by every means to make the required number of strokes by himself, or to reach you, with head above or under. Let him once fairly do it, and he has solved the problem; he is already "off," and launched as an embryo swimmer. Only take care that he does not hold his breath for all these strokes; insist upon the breathing following every kick. Take care also that he is not deceiving you by getting one foot slyly down against the bottom which a child who dreads submersion is likely to try. Generally speaking, the fault is to trust too much to the arms where assistance is given; carefully observe therefore, the all-important kick, and do not permit the legs to be half drawn up. Of all other supports next to the master's hand and presence in the water, the best, perhaps, is a mackintosh belt slung around the neck that it cannot slip on to a wrong part, in which case it might be dangerous, and the best place for learning is invariably a water very gradually deepening from ankle to over-head depth.

But some times we have to teach in deep waters: then you must go first into the water and coax your little friend to come out to you, taking hold of him by the left arm, high up, with your right hand. Then place yourself alongside of him, but keeping clear of his kick, and getting your finger points under his chest, let him feel that he cannot sink, and so apply himself to go through his exercise in regular manner. We have known grown-up men taught successfully by this method, and some who had such confidence that they jumped in head foremost, trusting to their mentor to receive and uphold them upon coming to the surface.

We greatly deprecate forcing a child to go out deeper than he feels to be pleasant, and still more tossing him into deep water. He must be allured, step by step, into the consciousness of self-reliance. Another caution is that a child's breathing is much more affected by immersing the lungs in cold water than are adults. If the breath be caught up painfully and convulsively there is an end of all swimming at that bath; for such condition of the lungs involves a great prostration of power. You are never weaker than when completely out of breath. It is no use to attempt a lesson with one of tender years if the water be below 65deg.

A MIRACULOUS SHOW.—The hero of this little narrative was a Hottentot of the name of Van Wyk, and we give the story of his perilous and fearful shot in his own words:—"It is now," said he, "more than two years since, in the very spot where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded; my wife was sitting in the house near the door, the children were playing about her. I was without, near the house, bustled in doing something to a wagon, when suddenly, though it was mid day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may be well conceived, when I found the entrance barred in such a manner. Although the animal had not seen me, escape, unaided as I was, appeared impossible. Yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a happy chance, I had set it in a corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring; there was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to fear, and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, which shot forth as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more."

A SHOVE UP IN THE RANKS.—"Feller sagers," said a newly elected lieutenant of militia, "I'm affixed obliged to you for this shove up in the ranks you have given me. I'm not going to forget your kindness soon, not by a darned sight; and I'll tell you what it is, I'll stick to my post like pitch to a pine board, as long as there's peace; but as I go in for rotation in office, and if we should come to blows with the rebels, darn'd if I don't resign right off, and give every feller a fair shake for fame and glory."

from England of whom wonders were expected; "Wm. H. Bay," by the Champion, Ward; "Friendship," by Tom Doyle; "Charger," by Leonard Kinsley; "E. F. Packard," by Tom Daw; "Addie V. Swan," by W. H. Dicker; "Walter Langdon," by John Hacon; and the "Fashion," by Berger, the man that Ward topped in the twelve mile race last season. Of these Fashion and Charger did not start, but as they had started well by all serve the case with which, by a few hard strokes, he shot his boat from the rest of the fleet, then letting up and repeating this operation several times, till he finally came in ahead, in the extraordinary time of 13.53, one second more than Bob Clarke's time, in '89. Doyle was second in 13.56; Dicker was third in 14.00; and the rest were distanced. The above race excited a great deal of interest from the number and reputation of the competitors. Taylor is one of the crew of Taylor Boat, who have won many races by conspicuous entries in their races on the Tyne, in England; one of them is the celebrated boat-builder, Paw, Dicker, and Hacon have all at different times stood at the head of scullers in this country.

The chief excitement of the day, however, was concentrated on the double scull race. Generally, in Boston, that portion of the programme devoted to the class of boats has been filled by men who harbor the bottle the other side of the water, and merely pulled for the money. There were eight entries, viz.: "Flora Temple," Leary and Bglin; "Joshua Ward," J. Ward and G. W. Shaw; "Edward O'Brien," Doyle and another; "Edith," Bailey and Cobert; "America," L. Kinsley and G. Fiedes; "L'Hirondelle," J. D. Parker, Jr., and W. H. Cameron; J. Hacon, J. Hacon and Berger, and "Unknown," by the Wells Brothers. What a magnificent field! The sailors of the world must of interest of the day should have been allotted to this race. The day before it was generally imagined that Ward and Shaw would have so difficulty in retaining the championship of double sculls, which they have held so long. But on the morning of the Fourth, it was generally noticed that those individuals who were anxious to bet large odds on them, were generally accommodated, without hesitation, and consequently when the race began to suspect that there must be "dark horses" around, and indeed, the "Flora Temple," "Edward O'Brien," and "J. Hacon," had backed out of the contest, it was supposed that the afore-said shady animals must be the crew of the L'Hirondelle. The five boats came into line, and a very fair start was made the "Josh Ward" with a half mile's length, which they kept for about half the way down, when the Union men took them on them, at first slowly, and then rapidly, taking their water before the others could take. On the way down, everything was the same, the L'Hirondelle having it their own way, and when, within a quarter of a mile of home they let themselves out, they flew across the line with the most tremendous burst of speed I ever witnessed, in the wonderful time of 12.54, several seconds ahead of Ward and the Geo. J. Brown. The Double Scullers of America, Kinsley and Fiedes came in second, in 13.28, and the rest were distanced. The time that was made in this race only shows the remarkable powers of endurance in the men pulling it, for on going on the Judges' boat, about five minutes after stopping, they appeared as fresh as when they started; and, as Ward wisely remarked afterwards, it was no wonder if the boys were tired by this time. I think that the Union Club may congratulate themselves upon having two such men among its members.

In the four-oared race, there was but one boat of any importance from Boston, the Quikstep, pulled by Long, Swan, Driscoll, and Hurley; the others from the city being the Montezuma, Parlers, Hickory, Unexpeted, and Volunteer. New York was represented by the Geo. J. Brown, pulled by Leary and the Bglin brothers, and the Stranger, by Westman, Woodow, Le Roy, and Benedict. In this race the representaives of New York City had everything their own way, the contest being entirely between the Brown and the Stranger. The former started with a decided lead, but was soon overhauled by the Stranger, who passed them, and succeeded in coming in ahead in 20.07; the Brown in 20.16; and the Quikstep in 20.35.

In the last race, for six oars, there were but three boats entered, the Amphitrite pulled by some powerful North-end laborers, Ford Hill Boy, and the James McKay, pulled by the crew of the winning four oar, with Berger and Hacon. In this race the Boston boats had everything their own way, probably in consequence of the Stranger's crew having had such a tough race immediately before; and the Amphitrite coming in first in 19.26; the Ford Hill Boy, in 20.19; and the McKay, in 21.15.

The following is a summary of the award of prizes:

Boat	Rowed by	Time	Prize	Distance
Wm H Roo.....	Joshua Ward.....	13.63	\$75.00	2 miles
Friendship.....	Thos Doyle.....	13.65	30 00	2
L'Hirondelle.....	J D Parker, Jr.....	12.54	100 00	2
Joshua Ward.....	G W Shaw.....	13.16	50 00	2

Boat	Rowed by	Time	Prize	Distance
Stranger.....	Woodrow..... Le Roy..... Benedict..... D Leary.....	20.07	125 00	3
Geo J Brown.....	James Bglin..... J Bglin.....	20.16	50 00	3

Boat	Rowed by	Time	Prize	Distance
Amphitrite.....	Burnett..... Faughner..... O'Brien..... Laugherty..... Solley..... Brine.....	19.25	175 00	3
Fort Hill Boy.....	Murray..... Barry..... O Sullivan..... Neil..... Shay..... Driscoll.....	20.19	75 00	3

CHARLES RIVER.

REGATTA AT DEEDHAM, MASS.—Massachusetts, so far as we know, appears to have had the fun in the regatta line of sports on the "Glorious Fourth." Boston taking the lead, but not alone, and alone, for the citizens of Dedham had a good one, showing the however much they may be dead against him, they are all alive boating matters. There were three races, the first for dories, the second for wherries, and the third a scrub race. The course was laid out by Charles River, pulled by Leary and the Bglin brothers, and the Stranger, by Westman, Woodow, Le Roy, and Benedict. In this race the representaives of New York City had everything their own way, the contest being entirely between the Brown and the Stranger. The former started with a decided lead, but was soon overhauled by the Stranger, who passed them, and succeeded in coming in ahead in 20.07; the Brown in 20.16; and the Quikstep in 20.35.

In the last race, for six oars, there were but three boats entered, the Amphitrite pulled by some powerful North-end laborers, Ford Hill Boy, and the James McKay, pulled by the crew of the winning four oar, with Berger and Hacon. In this race the Boston boats had everything their own way, probably in consequence of the Stranger's crew having had such a tough race immediately before; and the Amphitrite coming in first in 19.26; the Ford Hill Boy, in 20.19; and the McKay, in 21.15.

The following is a summary of the award of prizes:

Boat	Rowed by	Time	Prize	Distance
Wm H Roo.....	Joshua Ward.....	13.63	\$75.00	2 miles
Friendship.....	Thos Doyle.....	13.65	30 00	2
L'Hirondelle.....	J D Parker, Jr.....	12.54	100 00	2
Joshua Ward.....	G W Shaw.....	13.16	50 00	2

Boat	Rowed by	Time	Prize	Distance
Stranger.....	Woodrow..... Le Roy..... Benedict..... D Leary.....	20.07	125 00	3
Geo J Brown.....	James Bglin..... J Bglin.....	20.16	50 00	3

Boat	Rowed by	Time	Prize	Distance
Amphitrite.....	Burnett..... Faughner..... O'Brien..... Laugherty..... Solley..... Brine.....	19.25	175 00	3
Fort Hill Boy.....	Murray..... Barry..... O Sullivan..... Neil..... Shay..... Driscoll.....	20.19	75 00	3

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THE GREAT SNITS MERCHANT.

TENN—Villiers and his Dénah.

Uncle Sam getting tired of trying to please the rebels down South, in treason at ease, called out his brave soldiers, determined that he would bring the scamps back to their old fealty.

CROUSE—For snits are dried apples, dried apples are snits; They're made of green apples cut up into bits; These bits are all dried in the oven or sun, Then strung up on long strings, just so, every one.

A gay grocer stood at his store door one day, And thus to himself was this chap heard to say: "We're going to have war, and as times will be dull, At Uncle Sam's strong box I'll have a good pull."

For snits are dried apples, &c.

Dried apples are cheap now, I'll buy up a lot, These I'll sell Uncle Sam for the cash on the spot, And by moving round briskly I think I can bring, Out of Southern dried apples a very good thing.

For snits are dried apples, &c.

He went to the Governor and to him he said: "I know that the soldiers have plenty of bread, But if you would fill them up with snits, I have something far better and cheaper than junk."

For snits are dried apples, &c.

"What is it, I pray you?" the Gov' nor inquired; Up rose the gay grocer, as the Heaven inspired, Said he: "For the army everybody admits, There's nothing prepared half so easy as snits."

For snits are dried apples, &c.

"You give to each soldier a pint in the morn, At noon you supply him with water that's warm, This causes the snits to expand and to swell, Which answers for supper, you see, very well."

For snits are dried apples, &c.

"Ga-lor-i-ous, by Jove!" the brave Gov' nor exclaimed, "For one of my Cabinet you ought to be named, These snits for the troops of the State will suffice, Pray, tell me, my dear sir, what 'll be the price?"

For snits are dried apples, &c.

"The price is so low, I'm afraid you will laugh: You shall have all you want at six cents and a half, A pint is a pound, so you see it will pay— You can feed the State troops on just six cents a day."

For snits are dried apples, &c.

The bargain for snits was then closed on the spot! It suited the gay grocer just to a dot, "Every pound of these snits pays four cents and half."

For snits are dried apples, &c.

When the soldiers came back they sought out the mean scamp, Who sent them the snits while they said in the camp: They made him eat two quarts, then warm water to sup— The dried apples swelled and the grocer "burst up."

For snits are dried apples, &c.

Now all you gay grocers who have a desire, On your virtuous beds like good men to expire, Don't sell snits to the army for fear you'll be cur'd, And made like this grocer to eat and to burst.

For snits are dried apples, dried apples are snits; They're made of green apples cut up into bits; But when sold to the army of Old Uncle Sam, At double the price, they the seller will damn.

THE HAZARD TABLE; OR, "SEVEN'S THE MAIN." NO FICTION.

I well remember the night when, at the request of his mother, I set out to look into one of the private gambling houses of New York for the dearest friend of my college days. Henry Villiers, in mind as well as person, was eminently calculated to conciliate the affections of all around him; and I thought he must be changed indeed, if I could not win him back from the fatal pursuit to which he had addicted himself, to the bosom of a family by whom he was almost idolized. He had not been at home for some days, and his absence had created the most serious apprehensions. I had undertaken to remove them.

It was at the end of a severe January in the year—For two days previous a snow-storm had raged with unwonted violence; the streets were everywhere covered to a depth of from three to four feet; and when a projecting corner or accidental winding had created a particular current of air, the drift had risen to a height even dangerous to the incautious walker. It had just commenced to thaw, and the cold was much more intense than it had been during the frost. With an involuntary shudder, I wrapped my cloak more closely round me, and with unsteady steps waded through the masses of melting snow, in which, at each moment, I sank above the ankle. I might, perhaps, have been inclined to turn, for the chill of the night seemed but to second the internal struggle with which I committed myself to the dens of infamy and vice; but that image of the aged mother, as she wept in all the agony of hopeless solitude over the blighted prospect of her son, rose freshly before me; I heard the heart-thrilling tones with which she called on the absent Villiers—"my lost, my ruined child," still ringing in my ears; and I hurried on, with the determination that no effort of mine should be wanting to restore that child to her arms. I needed any additional inducement, I had but to recall the silent anguish of Miss Villiers, and I felt armed for any conflict of mind or body to which I could possibly be exposed. I pursued my way, therefore, down R—street, with renewed energy. The heavy damp on the lamps, completely obscured their brilliancy, and left hardly light sufficient to show the pallid and shivering forms of the wretched victims of vice, whom the cravings of want had driven out even on such a night as this to earn a miserable subsistence. I shuddered at the solicitations, in which the utmost efforts could not conceal the hollow tones of hunger and disease; and, turning from the costly avenue of beggled fashionable commerce, I passed into the first of a succession of streets which were to lead me to the object of my search.

A series of involved turnings, led me, after a walk of some five or ten minutes, to a retired street, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as the place I was in quest of. I gazed anxiously around to discover the house to which I was directed, but the uniformity of all those near me, presented almost insuperable difficulties. The lower part of the house seemed, from the close outside shutters, to partake of the nature of a shop, whilst the windows of the upper stories gave promise of comfort very inviting to those whom the label of "Furnished or Unfurnished Apartments," might tempt to look toward them.

I pressed my hand against my bosom to ascertain if the pistols with which I had armed myself, were still there, firmly grasped my stick, and crossed to examine more closely the house opposite. There was no appearance of a door, yet I was convinced it was the place I sought, and I moved a few steps aside to search for an entrance, when a tall figure wrapped like myself in a cloak, crossed the street, approached me closely, and a voice in rather gentlemanly tones, though marked with a slight Irish accent, said, "this is the house, I think, sir."

The question tallied so completely with what was passing in my own mind, that I answered involuntarily, "I believe so."

My new acquaintance, however, seemed, notwithstanding his remark, to entertain no doubts on the subject; for, turning short into a very narrow passage, which the darkness had hitherto prevented me from observing, he approached a small door, or rather, panel in the side-wall, and knocked three times gently. I kept close by his side. We heard the grating of iron, as a chain was thrown inside across the entrance. The door was then opened so far as to permit a strong glare of light to fall upon us, and a face was protruded through the opening which accurately reconnoitered the person of my companion, who stood foremost. The scrutiny seemed satisfactory, so far as he was concerned; but a short whisper ensued, in which the phrases, "new face," "fresh stranger,"

were barely audible. The door was then opened to its full width, scarcely sufficient, indeed, to admit us singly, and I found we were in a small hall, between the outside entrance and an inner door completely covered with cloth, and surmounted by a brilliant lamp. The attendant turned a spring key in the lock, and ushered us on a very narrow staircase, which my companion and myself ascended with equal steps.

In a room on the first floor, I distinguished a brilliant light, and a number of eager voices. Thither, then, I was on the point of turning, when the voice of my new acquaintance interrupted me, as he said:

"That is the billiard-room; you go up stairs don't you?"

"Why, yes, I believe I shall," said I, endeavoring to assume an air of as much sang froid as possible, and believing that up stairs, if there was the hazard-table, Villiers was more likely to be found.

We proceeded, accordingly, to the second floor, and my conductor, for I had fallen in the rear, pushing a door immediately opposite the staircase, motioned to me to enter a long and low room, crowded with figures, all of whom appeared deeply interested in their various occupations. I did not at first see Villiers. Close on my right lay the remnants of a supper, to which full justice appeared to have been done, for but a few fragments remained to satisfy the appetite of one or two, who, having been too late for their first glories, were now voraciously swallowing whatever remained that was eatable.

"They sup early, sir. We are always too late," said my companion; and, throwing back his cloak, he instantly attacked the remaining viands, with great zeal.

"I thank you, I am not hungry," I replied, gazing at the same moment on the form and features of the speaker. Succeeding events imprinted his appearance on my memory with too fearful distinctness. He was one of the most powerful looking men I ever met. About six feet high, and made in proportion; his frame was remarkable rather for strength and weight, than activity. The face, as his eyes were bent on the supper-table, had nothing in it peculiar, except that the projection of one of the front teeth broke the regularity of the features.

He looked upwards, however, as he addressed me a second time, with,

"You don't eat, sir; and I almost shrank from the expression of his eyes, as they met my view. Small and deep-set, of a light gray color, but appearing at first view darker, from the overhanging and closely knit brows which shrouded them, they seemed to combine in them all of ferocity and cunning that imagination could picture. I moved hastily from beside him, and walked towards the other end of the room.

On one side was the fire-place, around which were grouped, busily engaged in conversation, half a dozen persons, whose countenances too plainly showed that they had nothing left to risk. Opposite was placed a large table, the most conspicuous portion of which, was a circular revolving centre piece. It was divided into small compartments colored red and black, and the game seemed to be regulated by the color into which might chance to fall a small ivory ball, which an attendant rolled round the edge of a circular part. Beside this person were pasted the regulations of the roulette-table; and I gazed for a minute or two on the game, of which I had often heard as the most ruinous among the varieties of play. Few, however, appeared on this evening, to be its votaries; and I turned to a round table, occupying the whole end of the room, about which were thronged all who seemed really engaged in the occupation of the place.

My first glance fell on Villiers. He was sitting directly opposite to me, leaning his face on his left hand, whilst, with nervous anxiety, he watched the person who was throwing dice. A small pile of counters lay immediately before him, and his right hand rested carelessly on them; but his attention was completely riveted to the progress of the game.

The muscles of Villiers' face worked for a moment with convulsive energy; but, steadying himself by an effort—apparent to me, at least, he pushed across the table about one half of the counters before him.

"You are fortunate to-night Mr. Varney."

I turned, and saw, receiving the counters, with an air of cool satisfaction, the man with whom I had entered. I barely noticed him, however, for my feelings were too much interested in the wretched proceedings of Villiers to allow me to dwell upon any thing else.

Alas! how changed he was from the Villiers of my college days! He was pale, almost ghastly; but a hectic flush of unnatural red flitted across his cheek, and showed more plainly the ravages of dissipation. His elegant form, always slight, and now greatly attenuated, seemed unfit to associate with the reckless countenances of those who surrounded him.

His dark hair, which I had so often admired, at present extremely long and disordered, was thrown back from his brow, as though its weight was too much for him to endure.

He was not now betting, but seemed to have reserved himself until it should come to his turn to take the dice-box.

I sighed involuntarily, and I suppose audibly, for Villiers glanced quickly round and his eye met mine. For one moment a burning blush crimsoned his cheek, and a spasmodic affection seemed to flit across his brow. It was but for a moment. He looked rather than nodded a recognition, and turned to watch the game.

"You don't play, sir?" said the voice of Varney at my elbow. "Come, just by way of a flyer, I'll bet you a twenty he throws this time either a deuce or an ace."

"Very well," said I, mechanically, and not sorry to throw away a trifle to avoid observation.

The throw was four and one, and I was in the act of handing over to Varney the amount which I presumed I had lost, when the voice of Villiers prevented me.

"You need not trouble yourself to pay that bet, sir," said he, coolly.

"Who says so?" cried Varney, with a loudness which instantly commanded the attention of all present.

"I do," answered Villiers, quietly; "the odds were in your favor; you made only an even bet. By the rules of this table it cannot stand. Banker, does the gentleman lose his money?"

The man looked for an instant at Varney, and evidently hesitated; but the tone and manner of Villiers prevailed, backed as it now was, by that of a number of young men around the table, and with manifest reluctance, he decided that the bet was off.

Varney said nothing aloud, but my blood curdled, as I caught the scowl of demoniac malignity with which he glared across the table, and as he ground his teeth, I heard him muttering—"d—n him, I'll be revenged!"

It now came the turn of Villiers to take the box. He pushed into the middle of the table, all his counters that remained, and scarcely waiting until an equal number were raised against them, he threw the dice without naming any number.

"A main, sir," said the banker. "I had forgotten," said Villiers; "seven's the main."

The dice rolled out, and the next moment I heard the announcement, "deuce-ace—caster loser!"

"Nicked out, by Jove!" said one near me. "He's smashed now; he's lost a devilish deal to-night."

My ear caught the words, but my gaze was still on Villiers, and I started at the wildness visible in his demeanor. His eyes were expanded in a ghastly stare, whilst his hand passed rapidly over his pockets, as if to see whether there were yet remaining in them any thing to stake.

"Shall I pass the box, or will you take a back, sir," said the banker.

"Pass on. But no! no! who will set this watch," cried he, as he pushed forward a huge gold repeater, which had been given him by his mother, and which I knew he therefore highly valued.

The stake was unusual, and no one replied.

"It is worth two hundred," said Villiers. "Who will risk one hundred against it?" He paused.

"Or fifty," he added.

A note was thrust from behind me into the ring, while I was myself pushing forward the money in place of the watch, which I was determined to save.

Villiers raised his hand, as if to throw; and I feared I was too late, when suddenly pausing, he said:—"Whose money is that, banker?"

"A gentleman's opposite," said the man, looking at Varney.

"I do not bet with that person," said Villiers, decidedly.

"Will any one else set me?"

Every eye was turned on Varney, and his huge form seemed literally to dilate with rage, as he exclaimed furiously:—

"Beggars! what do you mean! Dare you insinuate that I play unfairly?"

Villiers did not reply, but eyed him with cool contempt. The question was again put, and with a still more ferocious tone.

Villiers looked full in his face, and taking up his watch, said slowly:—"Do I insinuate? The matter is now beyond insinuation. It amounts to a certainty."

There was one moment of silence. A rush succeeded, and my eye caught the glimpse of Villiers, as he fell senseless to the floor, while the fierce eyes of his opponent gleamed brightly above him.

"Aye, give it to him!" shouted a number of voices. "Teach these beggarly fops what it is to meet with a gentleman of science!"

I pushed hastily forward, and pulling a pistol from my bosom, cocked it, and exclaimed:—"The first who touches him dies!"

Varney drew back in terror; I slowly raised my friend from the ground, and with the assistance of one or two of the more gentlemanly-looking persons around me, endeavored to recall animation.

His forehead had struck, in his fall, against one of the legs of the table, and the blood was flowing profusely from the wound. In a few moments he revived. His eyes glared wildly around, when suddenly springing from our grasp, and shouting—"Defend yourself, coward!" he precipitated himself on the form of Varney, who stood gazing on the scene, in evident triumph.

The movement was so unexpected as to throw us into momentary confusion, and rapid blows were exchanged between the combatants, before any one could interfere to separate them.

The conflict was apparently most unequal; for Varney was tall, and nearly double the weight of his opponent. But excitement seemed to have lent Villiers unnatural strength. Still Varney watched him with a coolness that showed he knew such efforts could not last, when suddenly, in making an effort which evidently was intended to end the contest, his foot slipped, and his own weight, joined to a blow from Villiers, prostrated him before us.

"Rouse the ruffian!" said Villiers. "Let him come on again."

The group around the fallen man hastened to obey the directions, surprised that he showed but little signs of animation, and utterly astonished at the casualty of the

Fever and delirium succeeded. Mind and body gave way together, and, at the end of the week, I followed to the grave the remains of him for whom all who knew him had anticipated a long career of happiness and honor. My friend, my friend; how bright was thy rising—how dark the close of thy life.

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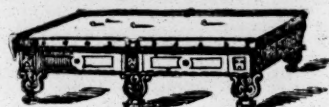
"What part of speech is hat?" asked a dame the other day:—

"Masculine," replied the scholar.

"Indeed! Then what feminine."

"Why, bonnet, to be sure."

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